The Memory Bank

by Chris Chapman

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Time traveller.

TURLOUGH: MARK STRICKSON
Time traveller's companion.

MAX:
(F, early 30s) Homeless woman.

ARCHIVIST:/ COMPUTER:
(M, 60+) Dutiful old man./ Archive AI.

THE HUX:/ RADIO VOICE:/ DAVID FINCH:
A huge alien creature./ Space fighter control voice./ Attacked civilian.

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SCENE 1: INT. MEMORY BANK — ARCHIE AREA

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP ON METAL FLOOR. FAINT ELECTRONICS.

ARCHIVIST (ECHO):
I remember.

FX: ATMOS CHANGES TO WOODLAND

ARCHIVIST (NO ECHO):
I remember the woods. Running ahead of Mum.

FX: RUNNING WITH TWIGS UNDERFOOT

ARCHIVIST:
She's calling me back, but listening's boring.

FX: SKIDS AND STUMBLES

ARCHIVIST:
But then I stumble, and then — I fall.

FX: TUMBLING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH

ARCHIVIST:
Rolling over and over…

FX: BURST OF ELECTRICITY. ATMOS SUDDENLY VERY EMPTY

ARCHIVIST:
When I stop, I look up. No trees, no clouds, just stars. I'm outside the bubble. It's freezing cold and… I can't breathe.

FX: ANOTHER BURST

ARCHIVIST:
Then I feel Mum's hand on my coat, pulling me back into the forest.

FX: BACK IN THE FOREST

ARCHIVIST:
She's hugging me so tight. "Don't do that again", she says. I promise I won't forget.

COMPUTER:
Memory complete.

FX: FOREST VANISHES. FOOTSTEPS ON METAL

ARCHIVIST:
Thank you, Archie.

COMPUTER:
Loading next memory.

ARCHIVIST:
I remember… my husband.

FX: ATMOS CHANGES: HIGH IN SKY

ARCHIVIST:
I remember our balloon.

FX: HOT AIR BALLOON — ROPES STRETCHING, FIRE BURNING

ARCHIVIST:
It's his birthday and this is his big surprise. From up here we can see to the mercury falls and beyond. I lean over to him and whisper, "Remember this". Then…

FX: SCRATCHING SOUND

ARCHIVIST:
Then I turn around, and …

FX: RASPING, SNARLING CREATURE NOISE (SEE LATER).

ARCHIVIST:
There's something in the basket with us. Breathing, rasping — like a wild pig. Teeth bared, eyes red, and that stench.

COMPUTER:
Memory distortion: archive bleed.

ARCHIVIST:
No, Archie, I have this under control.

FX: ALARMS. BALLOON FADES

COMPUTER:
Remembrance failing.

ARCHIVIST:
Concentrate. I remember our balloon. Just you and me, high in the sky in our balloon.

FX: BALLOON ATMOS RETURNS; ALARMS CEASE

COMPUTER:
Memory sustained.

ARCHIVIST:
Thank you, Archie. Please log that bleed.

COMPUTER:
Logged. Loading next memory.

SCENE 2: INT. MEMORY BANK – HALL AREA

FX: LARGE SPACE. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS.

TURLOUGH:
(EXITING TARDIS) Oh, now this is more like it, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
(EXITING TARDIS) Well, Turlough, I promised you an interesting subject to paint, (FX: SLAMS DOOR SHUT) and the suns-sets over the fifth moon of – (BREAKS OFF; REALISATION) Ah.

TURLOUGH:
Not where you expected the TARDIS to land, is it?

DOCTOR:
Not quite, no. Perhaps you'd better take your easel back inside.

TURLOUGH:
I don't know. It's a marvellous sight, wherever it is. Some great cathedral made of metal. You can hear it in the echo.

DOCTOR:
You can indeed. (CURIOSITY PIQUED) Those columns must be nine hundred feet [high.]

FX: OVER: TURLOUGH'S EASEL UNFOLDED.

DOCTOR:
You wouldn't want to take a look around before you set up, I suppose?

TURLOUGH:
(RESIGNED) You want to explore.

DOCTOR:
I hate for you to miss the perfect angle, that's all.

FX: TURLOUGH REFOLDS EASEL.

TURLOUGH
Can't sit still, can you? – Come on then, off we go.

DOCTOR:
Good man.

FX: THEY WALK OFF. CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 3: INT. MEMORY BANK – ARCHIE AREA

FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR & TURLOUGH WALKING.

DOCTOR:
Curious. Those points of light either side of us – I took them to be windows at first, but now we're a little closer…

TURLOUGH:
(REALISATION) They're televisions. Thousands of tiny televisions, stacked from floor to ceiling!

DOCTOR:
Each one showing a different face.

FX: FEW STEPS OVER AS THEY TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

TURLOUGH:
This one here's the image of the PE master at Brendon! Old Higgins. Awful man.

DOCTOR:
(REACHING OUT) I wonder, are these screens touch-sensitive?

TURLOUGH:
Doctor, do you have to interfere?

DOCTOR:
Just curious, Turlough.

FX: SOFT BLEEP.

COMPUTER:
(FROM SCREEN) Name: Jacob March. Status: Remembered, seventh cycle.

TURLOUGH:
Not Higgo, then.

DOCTOR:
What is all this? A place of remembrance?

TURLOUGH:
Well, they look like a pretty dull lot. Who'd want to remember faces [like] – (BREAKS OFF)

FX: OVER: APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

TURLOUGH:
Someone's coming.

DOCTOR:
Behind the column. Just in case.

FX: THEY HIDE BEHIND A PILLAR AS ARCHIVIST GETS NEARER.

ARCHIVIST:
I remember my first day at school. I had the wrong shoes. They gave me blisters.

TURLOUGH:
(SOTTO) It's alright, it's just some old man. Half-dead by the look of him. (CURIOUS) What's that book he's holding?

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) That's odd. It seems to be glowing.

ARCHIVIST:
I remember: the music teacher, she gave me a lift home…

TURLOUGH:
(SOTTO) Let's get some answers, shall we? (STEPPING OUT)

DOCTOR:
(HISSED) Turlough —

TURLOUGH:
(CALLING OUT) Hello!

ARCHIVIST:
(STARTLED) Who…?

TURLOUGH:
You couldn't tell us where we are, could you?

ARCHIVIST:
I do not remember you.

TURLOUGH:
No, we're new around here.

DOCTOR:
(JOINING TURLOUGH) Do forgive my young friend. He's on a school trip.

ARCHIVIST:
Come closer, boy.

DOCTOR:
Careful, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:
Under control, Doctor. (BESIDE ARCHIVIST) As I was [saying] —

ARCHIVIST:
Please, would you take the book from me?

TURLOUGH:
Why, is it heavy?

ARCHIVIST:
The weight is more than I can bear. (PASSES BOOK)

TURLOUGH:
(TAKING IT) Well, I don't suppose it'll cause me any tr[ouble] (GASPS IN PAIN) Ahh!

FX: FLARE OF FIZZING, HISSING — LIKE BURNING.

DOCTOR:
Turlough!

TURLOUGH:
(PAINED) It's burning my hands! Doctor, help me!

DOCTOR:
(TRYING TO TAKE BOOK FROM TURLOUGH) It seems to be stuck fast.

TURLOUGH:
It hurts!

FX: FIZZING FADES.

ARCHIVIST:
The pain will pass. As… as must I… (COLLAPSES)

FX: HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

TURLOUGH:
Don't just pass out, help me!

ARCHIVIST:
(GASPING) I… I… want…

DOCTOR:
(CROUCHING) Go on. Is there something we can do for you?

ARCHIVIST:
… I want to forget. (DIES)

BEAT.

DOCTOR:
He's dead.

TURLOUGH:
Well that's just marvellous. What about me?

FX: VOICE FROM ALL AROUND.

COMPUTER:
You have been appointed Archivist of the Memory Bank.

TURLOUGH:
Excuse me?

DOCTOR:
Who said that?

COMPUTER:
I am the Archive Intelligence. I am named 'Archie'.

DOCTOR:
Pleased to meet you, Archie.

TURLOUGH:
Is that the old man's voice?

COMPUTER:
Master Tobias preferred this setting. —

COMPUTERISED TURLOUGH VOICE:
But I could use your voice, if you would like me to?

TURLOUGH:
Please don't. Look, what do you mean — I've been appointed Archivist?

COMPUTER:
You have the book. You have been appointed.

DOCTOR:
Tell me, Archie — what does the Archivist do, exactly?

COMPUTER:
The Archivist must remember.

TURLOUGH:
But I don't want to be the Archivist!

COMPUTER:
You have the book. You have been appointed.

TURLOUGH:
(TRYING TO SHAKE OFF BOOK) Fine, so how do I get rid of the wretched book? It's like it's fused into my hands…!

DOCTOR:
It's more than a book, it's an electronic interface. I'd say it had attached itself to your nervous system.

TURLOUGH:
So how do we detach it?

DOCTOR:
We don't. Hence the Archivist's burden.

TURLOUGH:
What?!

COMPUTER:
Your appointment is secured.

TURLOUGH:
You can't just make me be the Archivist!

DOCTOR:
Turlough, why not try asking Archie something else?

TURLOUGH:
Such as?

DOCTOR:
Start with the obvious.

TURLOUGH:
(SIGH) Alright. (TO ARCHIE) So where are we?

COMPUTER:
This is the Memory Bank. Two miles below Castic City, on the colony world Insculpo.

DOCTOR:
(PROMPTING TURLOUGH) Ask him what the Memory Bank is.

TURLOUGH:
Doctor, I'm perfectly capable of asking myself. (ALOUD) What is this 'Memory Bank'?

COMPUTER:
The last line of recollection. We use the crossroad to remember those who would otherwise be forgotten.

DOCTOR:
(REALISATION) The faces on the screens…

COMPUTER:
Yes.

TURLOUGH:
So all these people are dead?

COMPUTER:
No. But they will be forgotten unless you remember.

TURLOUGH:
What's that supposed to mean?

DOCTOR:
Turlough, I think your job is to remember all these people.

TURLOUGH:
Remember them? I've never even met them!

FX: CRACKING SOUND, OFF — ONE OF THE SCREENS SPONTANEOUSLY CRACKING. GLASS TINKLES TO THE FLOOR.

DOCTOR:
Look. (GOING OVER) One of the screens just cracked…

TURLOUGH:
What, of its own accord?

FX: WALKING ON GLASS.

COMPUTER:
Maxine Andrews has not been remembered in two cycles. She will be forgotten.

DOCTOR:
(REALISATION) She's going to die.

TURLOUGH:
What?

DOCTOR:
Maxine Andrews! She's going to die!

COMPUTER:
Imminently. Yes.

DOCTOR:
But not immediately?

COMPUTER:
Crossroad transfer causes a short time delay.

DOCTOR:
Then there may still be time! Archie — can you help me find her?

FX: HUMMING SOUND OFF.

COMPUTER:
Transmat powering up.

DOCTOR:
A transmat, perfect!

TURLOUGH:
Doctor, you're not leaving me here!

DOCTOR:
I think the people of this world die if they're not remembered.

TURLOUGH:
So?!

DOCTOR:
So… if I meet this Maxine Andrews, maybe I can save her!

FX: HUMMING LEVELS OUT.

COMPUTER:
Transmat ready. Please take the comm-unit on the plinth.

DOCTOR:
(TAKING IT) Thank you. — Turlough, you've got a job to do. I suggest you get on with it.

TURLOUGH:
Doctor, wait —

DOCTOR:
Good luck.

FX: TRANSMAT BEAM. THE DOCTOR DISAPPEARS. OVER THIS:

TURLOUGH:
You can't just leave me on my own!!!

COMPUTER:
Master Turlough. You must begin to remember.

TURLOUGH:
Archie, how many subjects do you have here?

COMPUTER:
Thirty-seven thousand, seven hundred and four.

TURLOUGH:
I just shouldn't leave the TARDIS, should I?

SCENE 4: EXT. CITY STREET

FX: BUSY WALKWAY. MANY PEDESTRIANS RUSHING PAST, THROUGH:

MAX:
(CALLING OUT) Please, somebody, stop! Won't one of you just stop and talk to me! Can't you see what's happening to me? You know what this is. Come on, don't just keep walking!

FX: WIND RUSHING AROUND MAXINE. TWINKLY, 'ALTERATION' FX?

MAX:
(CALLING OUT) It hurts…! Pinpricks up my arms… on my face… (REALISATION) My hand — I can see right through my hand…!

FX: BUT PEOPLE KEEP RUSHING BY.

MAX:
(DESPAIRING, TO SELF) Please, someone. Just talk to me. Help me…

FX: WIND INTENSIFIES. REVERSE TRANSMAT EFFECT AS DOCTOR APPEARS, OFF.

MAX:
Please…!

FX: DOCTOR RUNS OVER.

DOCTOR:
Ah, hello — I'm the Doctor, are you Maxine? Maxine Andrews?

MAX:
(FADING) How did you [know my name—]

DOCTOR:
I'll take that as a yes. Try and focus on my voice — you're not gone yet.

MAX:
They've forgotten me. I've become forgotten. I'm fading away…!

DOCTOR:
Take my hand, Maxine. Quickly. Tell me something about yourself. Tell me something so I can remember you.

MAX:
(EFFORT) My name… is Max. People call me Max. I can't feel your hand…!

DOCTOR:
People call you Max, that's something. How old are you, Max?

MAX:
Thirty-one. I'm thirty-one.

DOCTOR:
Where do you live? Where's your home, Max?

MAX:
Nowhere. I mean, the streets are my home. Nobody cares.

DOCTOR:
I care. Where did you grow up, Max?

MAX:
On… on a farm.

DOCTOR:
What kind of farm? Crops, livestock?

MAX:
A cattle farm! Dad ran a cattle farm outside the city. Cows and pigs and chickens. He let me keep one chick as a pet. We called him Charlie — Charlie Chicken.

FX: WIND DROPS, FADES AWAY THROUGH:

DOCTOR:
Keep going, Max. Holidays, humans always remember their holidays. Tell me about a holiday.

MAX:
One time, we went to the mercury falls. I met this boy, Darren. He almost fell over the edge, showing off. On the way home, he tried to kiss me. Tried… (BEAT) My hands. I can feel my hands again!

DOCTOR:
Yes, I think we're through the worst of it.

MAX:
You remembered me.

DOCTOR:
And I don't intend to forget.

MAX:
This shouldn't happen. That's what the Memory Bank is for.

DOCTOR:
I think there are going to be a lot more people like you, Max — unless my friend can do something about it.

SCENE 5: INT. MEMORY BANK

TURLOUGH:
Look, Archie — you've got the wrong man for this. I'm not much of a people person.

COMPUTER:
You are the Archivist.

TURLOUGH:
So you insist.

COMPUTER:
You must remember. Open the book.

TURLOUGH:
How? It's still stuck to my hands!

COMPUTER:
Open a neural pathway.

TURLOUGH:
(SARKY) I think about it, and it'll just open, I suppo—

FX: BOOK OPENS, FLUTTERING PAGES.

TURLOUGH:
Right. Book opened.

COMPUTER:
Select a memory and it will be downloaded from the neural crossroad.

TURLOUGH:
I do that, how? By reading?

COMPUTER:
Loading next memory.

FX: FADE UP SOUND OF MARCHING FEET (IN TURLOUGH'S HEAD). CROWDS CHEERING AS SOLDIERS PASS BY.

TURLOUGH:
Where am I?

COMPUTER:
You must remember.

TURLOUGH:
I'm marching… in uniform. We're at the spaceport, lots of people cheering, like a carnival — what are we celebrating? Oh, I remember — it's Settlement Day. How do I know that? Oh, somebody's running out from the crowd — it's a girl. Pretty girl, with brown eyes. — She kissed me! "Remember me", she said. — I'd better wipe her lipstick away. Don't think my wife would — what? My wife?!

FX: CUT MARCHING. PAGES FLUTTER. BOOK SLAMS SHUT.

COMPUTER:
All these things, you must remember.

TURLOUGH:
The old man, Tobias — how long was he the Archivist?

COMPUTER:
Forty-seven years.

TURLOUGH:
That's mad! Why did he do it for so long?

COMPUTER:
No-one volunteered to replace him.

TURLOUGH:
I'm not surprised. Where I'm from, people don't like looking back. They prefer to live in the present tense.

COMPUTER:
You survive without remembrance?

TURLOUGH:
Not all memories are good ones.

FX: BOOK FLUTTERS OPEN.

COMPUTER:
Loading next memory.

SCENE 6: CITY STREET

FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR AND MAX WALKING THROUGH CROWDS.

MAX:
You've actually seen the Memory Bank?

DOCTOR:
Is that so strange?

MAX:
It's supposed to be top secret — to the likes of me anyway.

DOCTOR:
I have something of a knack for stumbling into places…

FX: A HERD OF DANCING PEOPLE APPROACH, PASSING BY THROUGH THE REST OF THE SCENE. DANCING TO WEIRD, DISCORDANT MUSIC — LIKE A CARNIVAL PROCESSION.

DOCTOR:
What's that? A carnival procession?

MAX:
The Pageant. They pass by here every day. Some people around here are so scared of being forgotten that they have to seek attention.

DOCTOR:
I see. You opted out, I take it, Max?

MAX:
I'm more the quiet type.

DOCTOR:
Dangerous around these parts, I should imagine.

MAX:
Where did you say you were from?

DOCTOR:
I didn't. — I'm a tourist, I suppose.

MAX:
I'm surprised you got through the borders.

DOCTOR:
Well, let me see if I understand the brochure: here on Insculpo, if you're forgotten, you cease to exist. So remembering people keeps them alive?

MAX:
The crossroad bulletin says ‘Remember your Neighbour, remember Insculpo’. Memories keep this colony going — they light the lights, pump the air and preserve the people you love.

DOCTOR:
This ‘crossroad’ — what is it, exactly?

MAX:
You really are a tourist. The neural crossroad is an information network you access just by thinking about it. No surgery required. Give it a try.

DOCTOR:
I’d rather not.

MAX:
Suit yourself. It’s mostly advertising. (THINKS) Right now, they’re trying to sell me biscuits.

DOCTOR:
A world powered by memories. That can’t be a natural phenomenon.

MAX:
Many years ago, the colony was spent. All its resources exhausted. Then they made a breakthrough with the neural network — a new upgrade — and suddenly our memories were special.

DOCTOR:
So Insculpo had its power.

MAX:
They’ve kept it like that ever since — they closed the spaceports, no-one in, no-one out and the colony grew. Most people survive by remembering each other, but there’s always some that fall through the cracks and get forgotten. People like me.

DOCTOR:
Can’t you just… remember yourself?

MAX:
It’s not enough. That’s why I registered with the Memory Bank. It’s incredibly illegal, but it’s the only thing that’s kept me alive. Until today.

DOCTOR:
That reminds me, I’d better check in with my friend.

SCENE 7: INT. MEMORY BANK

ARCHIE
Loading next memory.

TURLOUGH:
I remember the Christmas when nobody came. We always had turkey back home, but today I'm doing sausage and beans instead— (BREAKS OFF) This one's pretty bleak, Archie.

COMPUTER:
There are many such memories.

TURLOUGH:
Isolated, lonely people — I suppose I should empathise.

COMPUTER:
Loading next memory.

TURLOUGH:
Can't we take a break?

COMPUTER:
You must remember.

TURLOUGH:
I remember… When I was a boy, I was terrified I'd forget my Mum and Dad. I'd test myself all the time - try to imagine their faces, things we'd done together. But one day, I couldn't remember my Dad's voice. It just dropped out of my head. I was so scared, I ran home from school, just to check he still existed — (BREAKS OFF) Oh, I've had enough of this.

FX: BOOK PAGES FLUTTER SHUT.

COMPUTER:
You must remember.

TURLOUGH:
But I don't want to!

FX: A CRACKLE FROM COMMS SYSTEM.

DOCTOR:
(D) Turlough? Turlough, can you hear me?

TURLOUGH:
Doctor! Are you alright?

DOCTOR:
(D) Yes, Max and I are doing well.

TURLOUGH:
There he goes, always making friends. I don't know where he gets the energy.

DOCTOR:
(D) Turlough, it's becoming clear to me that —

FX: A SCREEN CRACKS, OFF.

DOCTOR:
(D) What was that?

TURLOUGH:
Another of those screens just cracked.

COMPUTER:
David Finch is being forgotten.

DOCTOR:
(D) Turlough, these people are relying on you!

TURLOUGH:
And who's looking after me? This whole thing is giving me brain ache!

DOCTOR:
(D) Archie, can you locate the fallen man?

SCENE 8: EXT. PARK

FX: FADE UP. TRANSMAT BEAM.

MAX:
Hate those transmats.

DOCTOR:
You get used to them. — We're looking for a David Finch. He should be somewhere in this park. (BEAT) Max, are you sure you want to stay with me? It might not be safe.

MAX:
You saved my life, and now you remember me, so you're going to keep on saving my life. I'm sticking around.

DOCTOR:
Happy to have you. Now, David Finch. He can't be very far — [away]

DAVID FINCH:
(OFF, CRYING OUT) Somebody help me! Please…!

MAX:
There! By the trees!

DOCTOR:
Ah, yes. (RUNNING) Come on, Max!

FX: MAX FOLLOWS DOCTOR. CROSS TO BESIDE DAVID FINCH. WIND WHIRLING AROUND HIM; TWINKLY FX, AS BEFORE.

DAVID FINCH:
I don't want to be forgotten! Please…! (SCREAMS) Aaah…!

FX: AS HIS SCREAM FADES, DOCTOR AND MAX RUN UP.

DOCTOR:
Yes, he's a lot further along than you were.

MAX:
He's all but invisible.

DOCTOR:
David? David Finch? — David, look at me!

FX: WIND FADES. BUT THE TWINKLY FX CONTINUE TO BUILD THROUGH:

MAX:
Doctor, it's too late! — We should go. The Forgotten, they leave something behind.

DOCTOR:
What sort of something? There's nothing of him left.

MAX:
But that nothing is dangerous. Look!

DOCTOR:
I see it. A shape forming in the space where his shadow used to be. (THINKS) Drawing energy from the neural network, perhaps…?

FX: TWINKLES FADE, REPLACED BY RASPING, SNARLING.

DOCTOR:
Some kind of animal. My, what big teeth it has…

MAX:
Doctor, run!!!

FX: THEY LEG IT. THE SNARLING CREATURE CHARGES AFTER THEM.

MAX:
(RUNNING) We'll never outrun it!

DOCTOR:
(RUNNING) Take my hand. (INTO COMMS) Archie?! Archie, I need you to transmat Max and me back to our last location!

FX: SNARLING CREATURE NEARLY ON THEM.

MAX:
(RUNNING) (ALARM) Doctor!!!

DOCTOR:
(RUNNING) (INTO COMMS) Now, Archie!!!

FX: TRANSMAT BEGINS AS THE CREATURE'S JAWS SNAP.

SCENE 9: EXT. CITY STREET

FX: PEOPLE PASSING BY. TRANSMAT.

MAX:
(BREATHLESS) I like transmats more now.

DOCTOR:
(BREATHLESS) Yes, that was closer than I'd like. — Tell me, Max. This neural network — is it routed through anywhere?

MAX:
The power station, you mean?

DOCTOR:
Yes, that sounds promising. I'd like to know more about this network of yours. Whatever that creature was, it seemed to be drawing power from it.

MAX:
Well, you can forget looking around the power station. All State buildings are shielded, you can't just transmat in.

DOCTOR:
Ah.

MAX:
(A THOUGHT) Unless… can we call the Archivist?

SCENE 10: INT. MEMORY BANK

DOCTOR:
(D) Turlough?

TURLOUGH:
Doctor, where've you been? I need you to get me out of this!

DOCTOR:
(D) All in good time. My friend Max would like to talk to you.

TURLOUGH:
Your new best friend. — Go ahead, put her on.

MAX:
(D; TAKING COMMS) Archivist, I need you to find me a security guard. Someone with full clearance for the power complex.

TURLOUGH:
I don't follow.

MAX:
(D) Think, security guards! Solitary types doing long, late, lonely shifts? Exactly the sort of person likely to be registered with the Bank!

TURLOUGH:
Archie? Do we have anyone like that?

FX: BOOK PAGES FLUTTERING.

COMPUTER:
Subject located — security officer, Thomas Evans. Loading memory.

TURLOUGH:
I remember… There's me in the mirror. Sharp uniform, smart haircut, boring commute. Hate Mondays.

MAX:
(D) How does he access the building?

TURLOUGH:
I'm typing in the code — five, seven, two, four, nine. And the main gate opens.

MAX:
(D) Five, seven, two, four, nine — got it.

TURLOUGH:
Working in this job, you learn not to ask questions. You let the suits in to see it, then you let them out again.

MAX:
(D) Thank you, Archivist. That's all we need. Doctor, take the comms unit.

TURLOUGH:
But one day, I snuck down to the generators to see for myself.

DOCTOR:
(D) See what? Turlough? What did Thomas Evans see?

COMPUTER:
Memory partially erased. Restoring.

TURLOUGH:
And I look around the corner and I saw this creature—

FX: RASPING, SNARLING CREATURE (IN TURLOUGH'S HEAD)

TURLOUGH:
It was looking right at me! Rasping, and snarling, with all these teeth —

DOCTOR:
(D) It must be one of those animals we saw.

TURLOUGH:
And then — it jumped…

FX: CREATURE POUNCES (IN TURLOUGH'S HEAD). BEGINS TO SAVAGE HIM.

TURLOUGH:
(CRIES OUT, IN PAIN — BEING SAVAGED)

DOCTOR:
(D) Archie, get him out of there!

FX: CREATURE MEMORY CUTS OFF ABRUPTLY.

COMPUTER:
Remembrance concluded. Archivist retrieved.

DOCTOR:
(D) Turlough, are you alright?

TURLOUGH:
It was horrible! Horrible!

DOCTOR:
(D) I'm sorry, Turlough. Archie — can you beam us close to the power complex?

COMPUTER:
Affirmative. Transmatting you now.

FX: TRANSMAT FLARES, OFF.

TURLOUGH:
(DAZED) I remember…

COMPUTER:
Negative, no memory accessed.

TURLOUGH:
(DAZED) … Trion. I remember… Trion.

SCENE 11: INT. POWER STATION

FX: FADE UP. 5 x BEEPS — CODE ENTERED, GATE OPENS.

MAX:
And we're in.

DOCTOR:
Good old Turlough.

MAX:
Will he be alright?

DOCTOR:
I hope so. The guard's memory seemed particularly traumatic. So much so it was partially erased. Who by, I wonder…?

FX: A PING CLOSE BY, LIFT DOORS OPEN.

MAX:
Need a lift?

DOCTOR:
Yes, Thomas Evans remembered going *down* to the generators.

MAX:
After you, then.

FX: THEY ENTER LIFT. DOORS CLOSE. CROSS TO:

SCENE 12: INT. LIFT [CONTINUOUS]

FX: DESCENDING LIFT.

DOCTOR:
Max, I hope you don't mind me asking…

MAX:
What?

DOCTOR:
You said you were homeless because nobody cares. But there's more to it than that, isn't there?

MAX:
I had a best friend — Rebecca — we were close once, but after college, we just drifted apart. I didn't think about her for years. Until one day, I thought I'd look her up. And she wasn't there any more.

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry.

MAX:
I forgot her. It was my fault.

DOCTOR:
It wasn't your fault.

MAX:
On the streets, I'm alone, invisible — that's good. Means I've got no-one to remember, no-one to let down.

DOCTOR:
You've not let me down, certainly.

MAX:
Ha. Well, you won't be easy to forget!

SCENE 13: INT. MEMORY BANK/TURLOUGH'S HEAD

FX: BLEEPING ALERT SIGNAL.

COMPUTER:
Warning. Archivist consciousness lost. Inward memory bleed.

TURLOUGH:
I remember Trion. The war on Trion…

FX: CROSS TO INSIDE TURLOUGH'S HEAD. REMEMBERING PILOTING SPACE FIGHTER. SPACESHIP, LASERS, WAR.

TURLOUGH:
(INTO COMMS) Ensign Commander Turlough calling Control.

RADIO VOICE:
(D) We read you, Vislor. Proceed directly to Jorva Plateau. Civilians under heavy bombardment. Women and children require immediate evac.

TURLOUGH:
Listen, Control, I've just heard reports of bombing runs over the Winter Planet — that's my home, my family, I have to get back.

RADIO VOICE:
Negative, Ensign Commander, you're the only ship in the sector — proceed to the evac.

TURLOUGH:
I'm sorry, Control, I can't — I'm going home.

FX: SHIP CHANGES COURSE.

RADIO VOICE:
Turlough, those civilians need your help! Turlough!!!

FX: CROSS BACK TO INSIDE THE MEMORY BANK. SEVERAL SCREENS CRACK IN SEQUENCE, OFF.

COMPUTER:
Screens cracking. Memory systems failing. Archivist, wake up! You must remember!

TURLOUGH:
(STILL DAZED) I remember…

SCENE 14: INT. POWER STATION GENERATOR

FX: THRUMMING ELECTRICAL POWER — LIKE FRANKENSTEIN LAB EQUIPMENT. PING, LIFT DOORS OPEN. MAX AND DOCTOR STEPPING OUT.

MAX:
That sound…!

DOCTOR:
Psychokinetic energy, feeding back through this conduit here. All of it generated from… over there.

MAX:
That huge ball of fat?

DOCTOR:
I think we're at the wrong end. Shall we go round and say hello?

FX: FOLLOW THEM AS THEY JOG AROUND THE BALL OF FAT. BRING UP LOUD, RASPING BREATHING AS THEY APPROACH.

MAX:
(JOGGING) The wrong end of what? Doctor?

THE HUX:
(RASPING) Doctor…!

FX: MAX AND DOCTOR JOG TO STOP.

MAX:
Oh my G—

DOCTOR:
There you are. Aren't you a pretty one.

MAX:
That's the face of the beast in the shadows!

DOCTOR:
Max, meet the heart, or should I say the stomach, of Insculpo.

THE HUX:
Doctor. I have memories of you. (BELCHES LOUDLY)

DOCTOR:
You're a Hux, aren't you?

THE HUX:
You know of my kind?

DOCTOR:
By reputation. The Hux — a race of insatiably hungry creatures, with big psychic brains, who feed on, well, every Hux has a different diet, don't they? And judging by your size and location, I presume your favourite food is —

MAX:
Memories.

DOCTOR:
Precisely.

MAX:
Is it dangerous?

DOCTOR:
Dangerous? Look at it — it's too big to move.

THE HUX:
You entertain me, Doctor…!

DOCTOR:
I see it now. The colony's rulers were facing disaster, and then a baby Hux turned up and offers them unlimited power in exchange for a few memories — virtual realities to snack on. Usually it only feeds in person — but link it up to a neural advertising network, and suddenly it's got a whole planet to gorge on!

MAX:
If it's that hungry, why forget people?

THE HUX:
(BELCH) They are a poor meal.

DOCTOR:
You're a picky eater, aren't you? The Forgotten don't inspire enough memories to be worth farming — so you just swallow them whole, and control the psychic imprint they leave behind! Correct?

THE HUX:
Too much talk. I have summoned my children.

MAX:
Your children?

FX: RASPING, SNARLING CREATURES — AS IN THE PARK — APPROACH FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

THE HUX:
The Forgotten. They are here.

MAX:
Doctor, they’re all around us!

SCENE 15: INT. MEMORY BANK/TURLOUGH'S HEAD

FX: SPACE FIGHTER INTERIOR. CRUISING — PERHAPS DISTANT SOUND OF BURNING.

TURLOUGH:
I remember: I'm flying over the Winter Planet. The old house burning, ice spires melting.

FX: AS IF OVER TURLOUGH'S SHIP'S RADIO — THE DOCTOR ON THE COMMS UNIT:

DOCTOR:
(D; PANICKED) Turlough, we need your help! Turlough!!!

FX: SHIP EFFECTS FADE, RETURNING TO MEMORY BANK INTERIOR THROUGH:

TURLOUGH:
I land, but there's no-one there. My family have already escaped. So the civilians I abandoned died for nothing. I remember. I can't forget…

FX: DOCTOR IS ON THE COMMS. SNARLING CREATURES IN B/G.

DOCTOR:
(D) Turlough, are you there?! Max and I are under attack!

COMPUTER:
Archivist consciousness stabilising.

TURLOUGH:
(SNAPPING BACK INTO IT) I'm here, Doctor! What do you mean, 'under attack'?

DOCTOR:
(D) By the creatures that take the place of the Forgotten. The alien that controls them is using the same neural network as you. If you can fill each of the Forgotten creatures with new memories, I'm hoping you could overwrite them, drive it out!

TURLOUGH:
New memories? Whose?

DOCTOR:
(D) Yours? Nice ones, preferably!

TURLOUGH:
I don't have many!

DOCTOR:
(D) Names, faces, people you've met! Hurry, Turlough!

TURLOUGH:
But —

DOCTOR:
(D; DESPERATE) A list of names! How hard can that be?!

TURLOUGH:
I can't think of any! Only — (REALISES) the class register at Brendon. I know that by heart, I heard it read out every morning for years…!

DOCTOR:
(D) That'll do!

FX: BOOK FLUTTERS OPEN.

TURLOUGH:
I remember Hippo Ibbotson. I remember spending half-term with his family in Weston-super-Mare — sitting in his father's car, staring out at the rainy seafront, eating his mother's weeping lettuce sandwiches. I remember Peter Smythe — we pinched the trophies from the sports cabinet and dumped them in the school pond. I remember Charlie Gibbs — we climbed over the wall of the girls' school, only when they saw us they shrieked so loud that he fell back over the wall and fractured his collarbone…

COMPUTER:
Transmitting new memories.

TURLOUGH:
I remember Henry Lucas, Barney Adams, Kenneth Smith…

SCENE 16: INT. POWER STATION GENERATOR

FX: B/G THRUMMING. TWINKLY FX. SNARLING RECEDES.

MAX:
Doctor — the creatures, they're changing…!

DOCTOR:
I do believe you're right! Oh, well done, Turlough!

MAX:
They've got faces — just faintly, and what's that they wearing?

DOCTOR:
Brendon School uniform! Max, meet the class of 1983!

HUX:
Not possible.

DOCTOR:
Off you go, boys, on your way!

FX: TWINKLY FX RECEDE.

MAX:
They're leaving!

HUX:
I do not need them. Not when I can feed on your memories, Doctor…!

FX: WIND WHIPS UP, AS BEFORE.

DOCTOR:
(EFFORT, BUFFETTED BY WIND) I wouldn't go digging around inside my head, if I were you — goodness knows what you'll find…

HUX:
So many lives to be savoured. This will be a famous feast!

DOCTOR:
(GASPS) It's reaching into my mind…!

HUX:
You will be forgotten, Doctor…! (CONTINUES TO GURGLE MERRILY THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:
(CALLING) Max…! You remember I said how all the power in the city flows out via a psychokinetic conduit…?

MAX:
(GOING OFF) What, this huge cable?

DOCTOR:
It's like a pump. So the direction can be changed — from outflow to inflow…!

MAX:
(OFF) How?

DOCTOR:
I don't know! Look for buttons, switches, anything!

MAX:
(OFF) There's only a lever!

DOCTOR:
Try it…!

FX: HUGE LEVER CREAKS. CHANGE IN PITCH OF B/G THRUMMING.

HUX:
(PAINED) NO! No, the power — coming back into me…! Too much…!

DOCTOR:
So detach yourself from the neural network, Hux! Relinquish your hold on the city!

FX: THE ENERGY SOUNDS REACHES A PEAK

MAX:
The Hux, it's glowing!

DOCTOR:
Get back, Max!

HUX:
(BEING FRIED) I am… <u>full!</u>

FX: HUGE FIZZING EXPLOSION. FADE.

SCENE 17: INT. MEMORY BANK [LATER]

FADE UP.

TURLOUGH:
So I don't have to remember anything else?

DOCTOR:
With the destruction of the neural network, the Memory Bank is now redundant.

COMPUTER:
Then the Archive Intelligence is redundant also. (SLOWING, FADING) Archive Intelligence… shutting down…

FX: POWERING DOWN. PAPER FLUTTERS.

TURLOUGH:
At last, that book's coming loose. I can't say I'll miss it!

MAX:
The lights are going out already. How will we power the colony?

DOCTOR:
Insculpo needs to find new ways to manage itself, Max. I saw some old solar cells in the park. There's a wealth of knowledge stored in this Memory Bank, if you can use them to get it going again. The life's experiences of technicians, scientists, electrical engineers, just waiting to be tapped.

MAX:
Then they won't be the forgotten, after all.

DOCTOR:
Quite. Now — Turlough and I must be on our way.

TURLOUGH:
Good. I can't say I'll recall this place with any fondness.

DOCTOR:
Memories are fickle, Turlough. There are days when the bad ones want to overwhelm us. But the good ones give us the strength to fight them off — don't you think?

THE END